

A CHOICE PENNY WORTH of WIT.

Here is a Pennyworth of Wit
For those that ever went astray;
If Warning they will take by it,
It will do them Good another Day.
It is a Touch-stone of true Love
Betwixt a Harlot and a Wife;
The former does destructive prove,
The latter yields the Joy of Life.
As in this Sheet you may behold.
Set forth by one *William Lane*;
A wealthy Merchant brave and bold,
Who did a Harlot long maintain.
Altho' a virtuous wife he had,
Likewise a handsome Daughter dear,
Which might make his Heart full glad,
Yet them he seldom did come near.
The Traffick that he traded for;
On the tempestuous Ocean wide;
His Harlot had it brought to her,
But nothing to his loving Bride.
So the best Silks that could be bought
Nay Rubies, Jewels, Diamonds, Rings,
He to his wanton Harlot brought,
With many other noble things.
She still receiv'd him with a Smile,
When he came from the roaring Sea,
And said with words smooth as Oil,
My Sweetest come and take thy Ease.
Unto the Bed and Linnen fine
You are right welcome Love said she.
Both I and all that e'er is mine,
Shall still at thy Devotion be.
Bringing two hundred pounds in gold
And after that three hundred more:
Rich Chains and Jewels manifold,
And bid her lay them up in store.
Yes that I will thou needst not fear,
And so embrac'd him with a Kiss.
So took the wealth crying my Dear,
I'll have a special Care of this.
So they did banquet many a Day,
Feasting upon delicious Fare,
Then with her false deluding tongue
She drew him into a fatal Snare.
When he had liv'd some time on shore,
He must go to the Seas again.
With Musick to increase his store,
The wanton Harlot to maintain.

To whom he said, my Joy and Dear,
With me what Venture will you send,
A good Reward you need not fear,
I'll be both Factor and thy Friend.
In Goods my Dear now will I send
Ten Pounds thou must take on Board.
I know that unto me my Dear,
A treble Gain thou wilt afford.
So said, next Day to his Wife he goes,
And ask'd her in a scornful wife,
What Venture she did then propose
To send by him for Merchandize.
I'll send a Penny Love by thee,
Before you take good Care of it;
As you're in distant Parts said she,
Pray buy a Pennyworth of Wit.
She put the Penny in his Hand,
And said I beg you'd not forget,
When you are in another Land,
For to buy a Pennyworth of Wit.
He put the Penny up secure,
And said, I'll take a special Care.
To lay it out you may be sure,
So to his Miss he did repair.
And told her what he had to buy,
At which she laugh'd her to Scorn,
On Board he went immediately,
And so to Sea that very Morn.
Thus being gone with merry Hearts
The Merchant and his jovial Crew,
From Port to Port in Foreign Parts
To trade, as they were wont to do.
At Length when they had bestow'd
The Cargo that was outward-bound.
He did the trading Vessel load
With rich treasure that he found.
As he his Merchandize then sent,
It turn'd to Gems and Golden Ore.
Which crown'd his Labour with Delight
He never was so rich before.
The wanton Harlot's Adventure
Turn to great Account like wife;
Every Pound he would have ten,
Such was his lucky Merchandize.
For Joy of which the Merchant cry'd,
One merry Boat my Lads must have.
A splendid Supper I must provide
Of all the Dainties we can have.

Before we set to Sea again,
Which said, they to a tavern went,
Where they did drink and feast amain,
Till many crowns and pounds were spent.
The Merchant then in Laughter mov'd,
Said, he for Wit had never fought,
My Harlot's Venture is improv'd,
But of my Wife's I never thought,
One single Penny, and no more
She has a Venture sent by me:
Alas! to lay it out therefore,
In what you think a Rarity.
She bid me use my utmost Skill,
To buy a Pennyworth of Wit:
But I have kept the Penny still,
And never once did think of it.
Where shall I go to lay it out,
True Wit is hard and scarce to find:
But come my Lads let's drink about,
My Wife's Venture I'll not mind.
There is a Proverb often us'd,
Wit's never good 'till bought full dear,
Wherefore I well may be excus'd,
There's little for a Penny here.
An aged Father sitting by,
Whose venerable Looks were grey:
Strait made the Merchant this Reply,
Hear me a Word or two I pray.
The Harlot in Prosperity
She will embrace thee for thy Gold;
But when in Want and Poverty,
You shall nought but Frowns behold.
And ready to betray thy Life,
When naked, mean, poor and low,
But thy true-hearted loving Wife
Will stand by thee in Weal and Woe.
If thou would'st prove the truth of this
Strip off thy gaudy, rich Array;
And go back to the Jew'd Miss,
Declare that thou wast cast away.
Your Riches buried in the Main,
Besides as you pass'd thro' a Wood,
One of your Servants you had slain,
For which your Life in Danger stood.
Beseech her for to shelter thee,
Declare on her you do depend.
And then alas! too soon you'll see
How far she'll prove your honest Friend.

Then if she frown, go to thy Wife,
Shew her your melancholy theme.
Who strives the most to save thy Life,
Let her be most in thy Esteem.
Father, the Merchant then reply'd,
You must this single Penny take;
And when I've pass'd the Ocean wide,
A Proof of this I mean to make.
So loving Friends for ought I know,
I may this single Penny prize:
It may be the best I do bestow,
In my fine wealthy Merchandize.
So taking Leave away they went,
Both he and his brave Hearts of Gold.
Unto them he said, I must prove the same
When I my Native Land behold.
With full spread Sails to Sea they went
Neptune the Golden Cargo bore.
Thro' roaring Waves to their Content,
At last they reach'd the British shore.
The Merchant put on poor Array,
The very worst of ragged Cloaths.
And then without the least Delay,
Unto his wanton Harlot goes.
When she beheld him in Distress.
She said what is the Matter now?
Said he I'm poor and penniless,
And then he made a courteous Bow.
Saying, no Man was e'er so cross
As I have been my Soul's Delight.
My Ship and all the Cargo's gone.
And now I am ruin'd quite.
My Loss is great, but that's not all,
One of my Servants I have slain.
As we did both at Variance fall.
Some Shelter let me here obtain.
I dare not go unto my Wife,
Whom I have wrong'd so many Years.
Into your Hands I've put my Life,
Take Pity of my moving tears.
You bloody Villain the reply'd,
Don't in the least on me depend,
Begone, or as I live, she said,
I for an Officer will send.
I'll give you neither Bread nor Drink,
Nor any Shelter must you have;
Of nasty filthy Rags you stink.
Be-gone you base and wicked Knave
Don't think I can your Counsel keep,
Or shelter any such as you;
He turn'd about and seem'd to weep,
And bid the wanton Whore adieu.
Then to his loving Wife he came,
Both poor and naked in Distress.
He told to her the very fame
Yet she reliev'd him ne'ertheless.
My Dear she said since it is so,
Take Comfort in thy loving Wife.

All that I have shall freely go
To gain a Pardon for thy Life.
I'll lodge thee in a Place secure,
Where I will daily nourish thee.
Believe me Love thou may'st be sure
To find a constant Friend in me.
When he this perfect Proof had made,
Which of the two did love him best,
Unto his Virtuous Wife he said,
My Jewel set my Heart at Rest.
Behold no Servant I have slain,
Nor have I suffer'd any Loss.
Enough I have us to maintain,
The Ocean Seas no more I'll cross.
My laden Ship lies near the shore,
With Gold and Jewels richly fraught,
So much I never had before,
Thy Pennyworth of Wit I bought.
Once more he to his Harlot goes,
With 14 Sailors brave and bold,
Cloathed in new and costly Robes,
Of Silk and rich embroider'd Gold.
The Miss when she his Pomp beheld,
Did offer him a kind Embrace;
But he with wrath and anger fill'd
Did strait upbraid her to her Face.
But she with Smiles these words express'd
I have a constant Love for thee:
And what I said was but in Jest,
Why did you haste so fast from me.
'Twas time to go for as I'm told
You have another Love in Store;
That you have furnish'd with my Gold,
And Jewels that I brought on Shore.
'Tis false she said I have them all,
With that the Merchant then reply'd.
Bring them before me; then I shall
Be soon convinc'd and satisfy'd.
Then up she run and brought 'em down
His Jewels, Gold and Diamonds bright,
He seiz'd them all, and with a Frown,
He bid the wanton Jilt Good-night.
When he had took the Golden Prize,
And swept up every precious Stone,
She said what will you rob me thus?
Yes that I will of what's my own.
You wanted to betray my Life,
But thanks to God, there's no such Fear
These Jewels shall adorn my Wife,
Henceforth your House I'll not come near.
Home he returned to his Wife,
And told her all that he had done.
E'er since they lead a happy Life,
He does no more to Harlots run.
Thus he the wanton Harlot bit,
That long had his Destruction sought,
This is a Pennyworth of Wit,
The best that ever Merchant bought.